

ACTION

PICTURE
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No.13 One Shilling



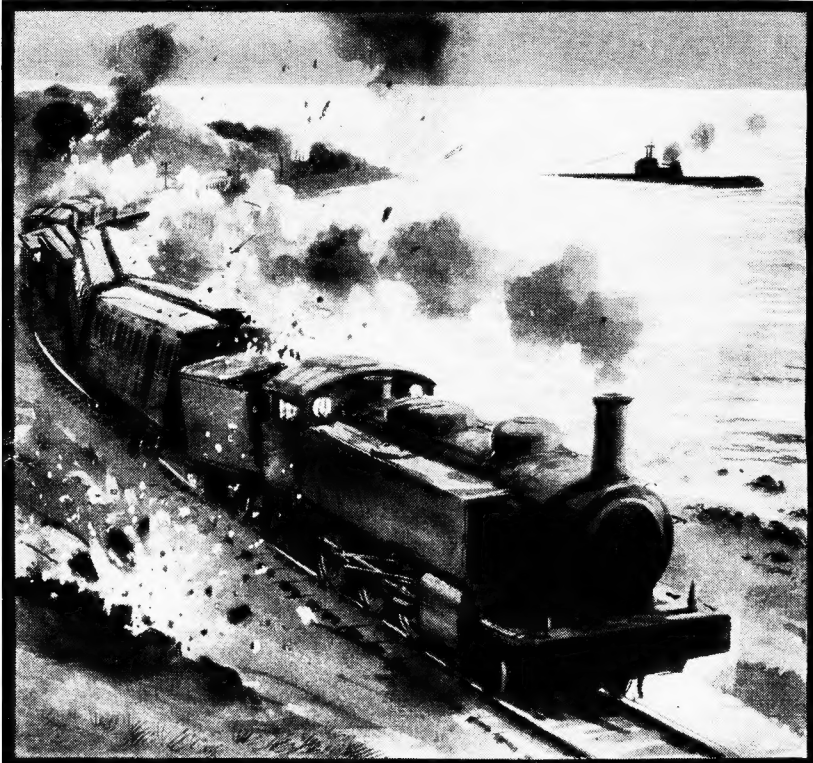
**HIS QUARRY WAS
THE MOST DANGEROUS
PREY OF ALL-MAN!**

HUNTER!

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the heat of battle

THE Victoria Cross was posthumously awarded to Commander J. W. Linton, DSO, DSC, RN, for his gallantry and supreme heroism as the captain of HM Submarine **TURBULENT**. Commander Linton was credited with sinking 100,000 tons of German shipping, as well as blowing up three troop trains by shell fire. Out of the 365 days in



Commander Linton's last year in **TURBULENT**, the submarine and its crew spent 254 days at sea, and they were submerged for half that time. On one occasion, exposing himself and his crew to the utmost danger, Commander Linton steered his submarine close inshore to intercept and destroy a vital German troop train. His plan was successful. The train, carrying a battalion of crack German infantry, never reached its destination.

HUNTER!

HUNTER! THAT WAS THE ONLY NAME HE WAS KNOWN BY. BUT IT WAS A NAME THAT MANY HAD COME TO FEAR AND HATE. FOR THIS FRIENDLESS 'LONER' WAS A HUNTER BY TRADE AS WELL AS BY NAME... AND HE HUNTED THE MOST DANGEROUS PREY OF ALL... MAN!



FOR MANY FRUITLESS YEARS, 'NO LUCK' DOLWORTH HAD SEARCHED FOR GOLD IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN SIERRAS...



BY DAWN THE NEXT DAY DOLWORTH HAD REACHED THE EDGE OF THE STEAMING JUNGLE THAT COVERED THE HIGH RIDGE.



BUT BEFORE HE COULD PROD HIS LONG-SUFFERING
MULE INTO RELUCTANT MOTION...

HOPPIN'
HORNTADS!
SOMEONE IS
HERE - AND
COMING THIS
WAY LICKETY-
SPIT!

A LONE HORSEMAN RACED INTO SIGHT...

HE'S
SHOOTING
AT US! DEVIL
TAKE HIM! I AIN'T
COME THIS FAR TO
BE GUNNED DOWN
BY NO
STRANGER!

BUT BEFORE DOLWORTH COULD
TRIGGER HIS ANCIENT SIDEARM...

UUUHH!

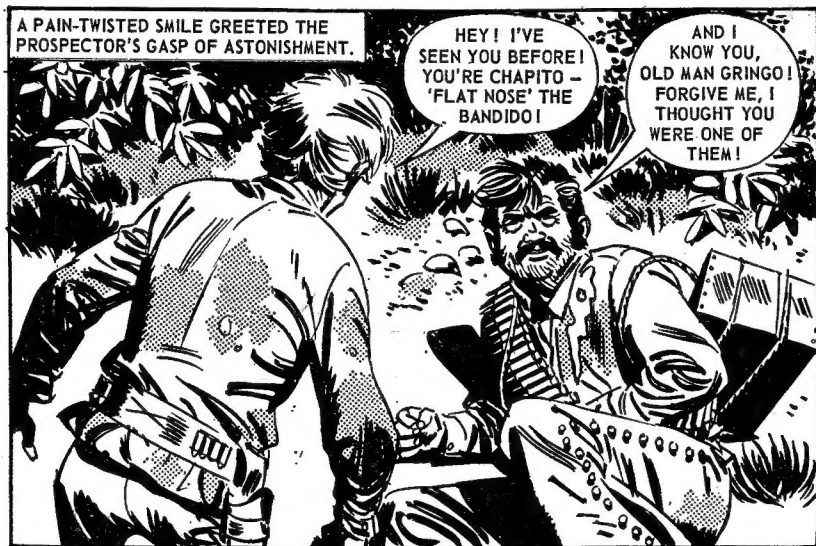
HE'S
FALLEN
OFF HIS
HORSE!
WHAT IN
HADES MADE
HIM DO
THAT?



A PAIN-TWISTED SMILE GREETED THE
PROSPECTOR'S GASP OF ASTONISHMENT.

HEY! I'VE
SEEN YOU BEFORE!
YOU'RE CHAPITO -
'FLAT NOSE' THE
BANDIDO!

AND I
KNOW YOU,
OLD MAN GRINGO!
FORGIVE ME, I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE ONE OF
THEM!





THE VOICE OF THE DYING MAN GREW FAINTER...





FOR TWO DAYS, DOLWORTH RODE, NOT DARING TO FIRE A SHOT TO OPEN THE BOX FOR FEAR OF GIVING AWAY HIS WHEREABOUTS. THEN...



BUT...





AND SO, TWO DAYS LATER...

THE
GRINGO
DOC, AMIGO?
WHERE'S
HE HANG
OUT?

IN HUT
AT END OF
STREET, SENOR!
BUT FOR MANY
DAYS EL DOC
HAS THE FEVER!
QUIEN SABE?
MAYBE HE IS
DEAD!



BUT LIFE STILL FLICKERED IN THE HUMAN DERELICT
WHOSE PAST NO-ONE HAD EVER BEEN ABLE TO DISCOVER...



YOU'VE
GOT TO READ
IT, DOC! MAYBE
WHAT IT SAYS
WILL MAKE BOTH
OF US RICH!

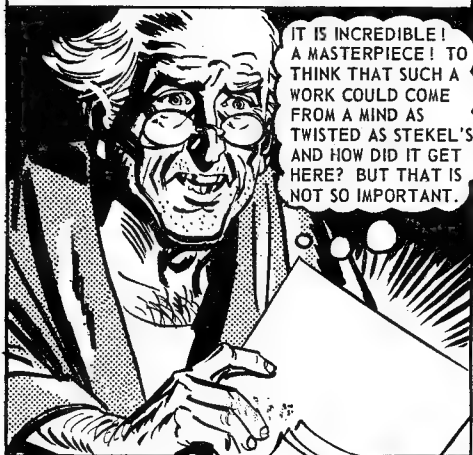
NOT I,
COMPADRE!
I GIVE MYSELF TWO
DAYS MORE, AT MOST,
OF THIS GREEN HELL!
BUT SHOW ME THE
MANUSCRIPT - I WILL
TRY TO HELP
YOU!

DOLWORTH HELPED THE SICK MAN TO THE
CRUDE TABLE, THEN...

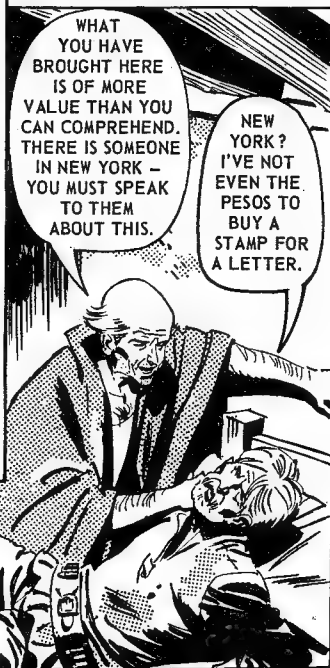


YOU ARE
FORTUNATE
THAT I SPEAK
GERMAN,
COMPADRE! NOW
SLEEP! AND
LEAVE ME TO
THIS!

THE LONG HOURS PASSED - UNTIL THE MAN THE INDIOS CALLED SENOR DOC LIFTED EYES THAT SHONE WITH WONDER.



WITH FEVERED EXCITEMENT HE SHOOK DOLWORTH TO WAKEFULNESS...



TAKE THIS! THE LAST OF ALL I ONCE OWNED. THERE IS A TELEPHONE IN THE HOTEL. USE THIS MONEY TO TELEPHONE NEW YORK, AND GIVE THEM THIS MESSAGE...



THE NEXT DAY FOUND DOLWORTH WAITING ON THE FLAT PLAIN JUST OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE.





BUT AS THE MOONLIGHT FLOODED THE INTERIOR OF THE SQUALID SHACK, HE SAW...



THEN THE SAME VICIOUS GUN-BUTT THAT HAD HAMMERED OUT THE FADING SPARK OF LIFE FROM SENOR DOC, STRUCK AGAIN...



THE KILLER'S HANDS FLUNG OPEN THE LID OF THE IRON BOX...



NEXT DAY, AT THE SKYSCRAPER HEADQUARTERS OF ONE OF NEW YORK'S BIGGEST BOOK PUBLISHERS...



MORE THAN THAT, DAD!
ONLY STEKEL COULD HAVE KNOWN MANY OF THE FACTS HE USES.

HENRY J. WHITMORE, PRESIDENT OF THE COMPANY, TURNED SHOCKED EYES FROM THE JUNGLE-DIRTIED MANUSCRIPT TO HIS SON, RICHARD...

IT MUST HAVE TAKEN YEARS TO WRITE, RICHARD. DO YOU THINK HEINRICH STEKEL DID NOT DIE IN THE BOMBING OF BERLIN? THAT HE IS ALIVE STILL - IN THAT REMOTE REGION OF MEXICO?

THAT IS WHY I AM DETERMINED TO GO TO MEXICO, FATHER. THIS COULD BE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVELS OF OUR TIME. BUT IF STEKEL IS ALIVE, WE MUST GET HIS PERMISSION BEFORE WE CAN PUBLISH IT!

DON'T FORGET, RICHARD. FOR THE CRIMES HE HAD COMMITTED UNDER THE HITLER REGIME, HEINRICH STEKEL HAS BEEN BRANDED A WAR CRIMINAL!

BUT EVERY WORD OF HIS NOVEL SHOWS THAT HE HAS HAD A CHANGE OF HEART. THAT HE REALISES AT LAST THAT HE WAS A PART OF A CULT OF EVIL!

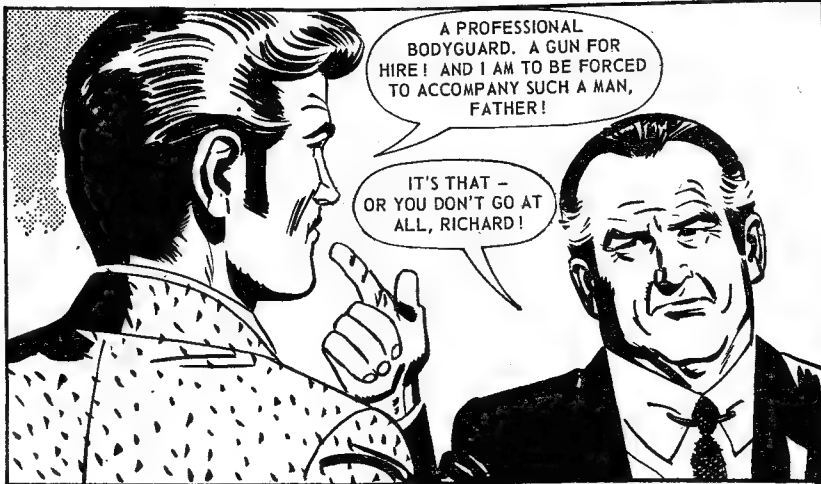
WHITMORE SENIOR SIGHED AT THE STUBBORN TONE OF HIS ONLY SON'S VOICE...

HE IS ALSO A GREAT WRITER, FATHER. HE SHOULD NOT BE FORCED TO HIDE LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL. I WANT TO FIND STEKEL AND BRING HIM BACK TO CIVILISATION.

VERY WELL, RICHARD. BUT THERE IS ONE THING I INSIST UPON. YOU SHALL TAKE WITH YOU A PROFESSIONAL BODYGUARD.

RICHARD'S FATHER SPOKE AT SOME LENGTH TO AN ARMY FRIEND OF HIS...

GENERAL HOGAN GAVE ME AN ADDRESS IN MEXICO. I SHALL SEND A LONG CABLE AT ONCE. THE MAN'S NAME IS HUNTER!



A PROFESSIONAL BODYGUARD. A GUN FOR HIRE! AND I AM TO BE FORCED TO ACCOMPANY SUCH A MAN, FATHER!

IT'S THAT - OR YOU DON'T GO AT ALL, RICHARD!



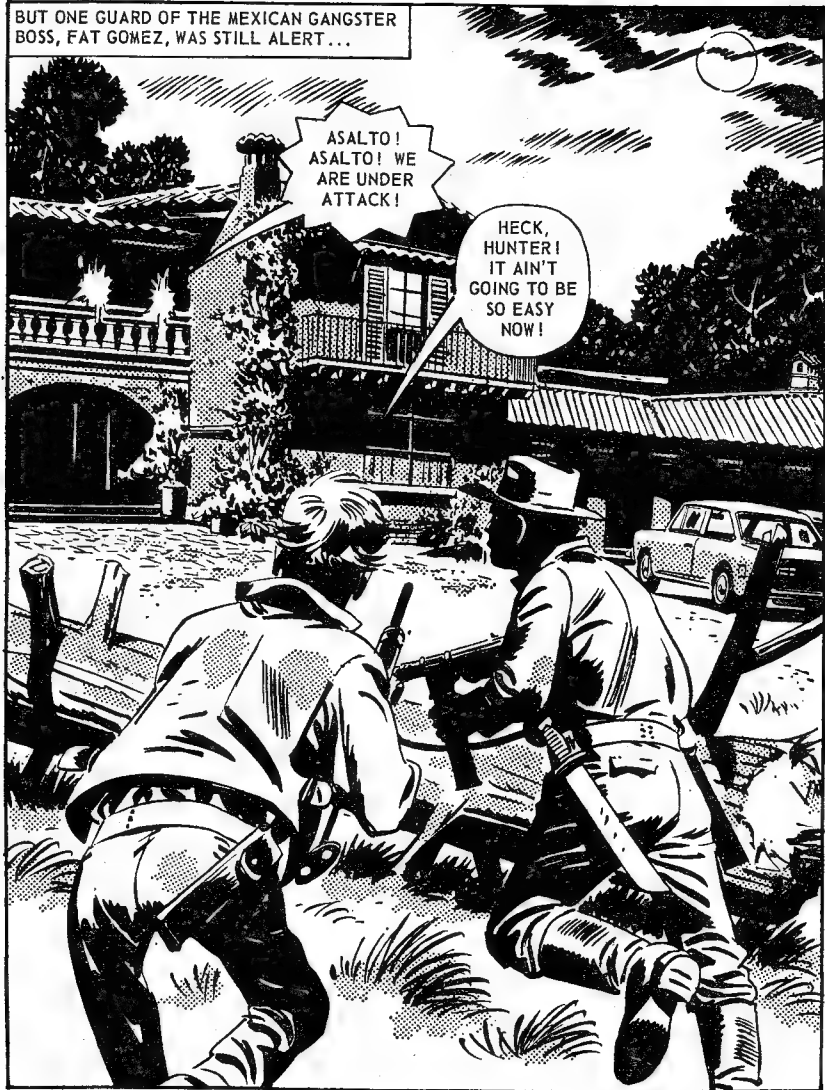
THAT NIGHT, IF RICHARD WHITMORE COULD HAVE BEEN TWO THOUSAND MILES SOUTH OF NEW YORK CITY, HE COULD HAVE SEEN WHAT KIND OF MAN WAS HUNTER!



BUT ONE GUARD OF THE MEXICAN GANGSTER BOSS, FAT GOMEZ, WAS STILL ALERT ...

ASALTO!
ASALTO! WE
ARE UNDER
ATTACK!

HECK,
HUNTER!
IT AIN'T
GOING TO BE
SO EASY
NOW!



HUNTER'S WARTIME GERMAN SCHMEISSER MACHINE PISTOL SHRILLED DEADLY HATE
AS THE HACIENDA HIDE-OUT OF FAT GOMEZ ERUPTED WITH MUZZLE FLASHES...







BUT THE BURST FROM HUNTER'S PARTNER MISSED THE FLEEING GOMEZ...



TURNING BACK, HE FOUND HUNTER GRINNING COLDLY BESIDE A DYING GANGSTER...



WE HAND THESE CARRION OVER TO THE POLICIA AND STAKE OUR CLAIM FOR THE REWARDS ON THEM. THEN WE GO TO GET A SLEEP AND SOME FOOD, BEFORE WE TAKE GOMEZ!



LATER THE NEXT DAY, AT THEIR HOTEL IN A NEARBY TOWN...



HUNTER READ AND RE-READ THE TELEGRAM. THEN HE LIFTED COLD EYES...





THE CRIPPLED EX-BOUNTY HUNTER HAD NEVER SEEN SO MUCH COLD FURY IN A MAN'S EYES.

WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT SOME WARTIME NAZI? DARN IT, THAT WAR'S BEEN OVER FOR YEARS!

NOT FOR ME! AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY...

"I FOUGHT THAT WAR IN THE BRITISH PARATROOPERS. I HAD A FRIEND, JERRY BLAKE, WHO WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO ME."

THOSE DEATH'S-HEAD DEVILS WON'T GET US CHEAP, EH, JERRY?

AARGH!
MY - SHOULDER!

IT'S NOT A BAD ONE, JERRY. YOU'LL SURVIVE IT!

ONLY THESE TWO LEFT ALIVE! TAKE THEM TO THE COMMAND POST! THERE IS MUCH THEY CAN TELL US...



"... THEY KNEW, WITH JERRY THERE, I
WOULDN'T DARE USE THE SCHMEISSER ON THEM."

I'M SURE
I'M LINED UP
ON THE WINDOW!
I - I'VE GOT
TO BE...!



"... THEY ROARED WITH LAUGHTER
WHEN THE BURST WAS OVER. THEN
THEY TOOK AWAY THE BLINDFOLD!

SUCH A PITY!
YOU DID NOT HIT
THE TREE! SOMETHING
GOT IN THE WAY -
YOUR FRIEND!

JERRY!
I'VE SHOT
JERRY! HE'S
DEAD!



"... I WENT BERSERK, BUT I STOOD NO CHANCE."



BRAVO! YOU HAVE
KILLED AN ENEMY OF
THE REICH! YOU DESERVE A
DECORATION! HEAT THIS BAYONET
UNTIL IT IS WHITE-HOT...

WITH A STRANGLING CRY, HUNTER
LEAPT TO HIS FEET. HIS HANDS
RIPPING AT HIS SHIRT-FRONT...

THIS IS
THE DECORATION
THEY GAVE ME!
FOR KILLING THE
ONLY FRIEND I
EVER HAD!



THE MARK
OF THE
SWASTIKA!

NOW YOU
KNOW WHY I'M
TAKING THIS
ASSIGNMENT.
ONE NAZI HAS
ESCAPED JUSTICE.
BUT NOW
COMES THE
EXECUTIONER!
ME!



FROM MEXICO CITY, A CHARTERED PLANE FLEW HUNTER AND RICHARD WHITMORE SOUTH...

THIS MAN DOLWORTH WILL TELL US EXACTLY WHERE HE FOUND THE MANUSCRIPT, HUNTER. THEN ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW HIS TRAIL BACK!

DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS, WHITMORE! IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS THAT! IT NEVER IS!


HUNTER'S WARNING PROVED RIGHT.

THE TWO GRINGOS WERE FOUND DEAD, SENOR! THEY HAD BEEN KILLED MOST BRUTALLY. PERHAPS A BANDIDO!

IT WAS NO BANDIT! SOMEONE KNEW DOLWORTH HAD THAT NAZI'S MANUSCRIPT, WHITMORE! SOMEONE CAME TO GET IT BACK, BUT HE WAS TOO LATE!

WE KNOW FROM WHAT HE SAID WHEN HE TELEPHONED YOU IN NEW YORK THAT HE GOT THE MANUSCRIPT SOMEWHERE IN THOSE HILLS. WE'LL HEAD THAT WAY. BUT WE'LL NEED A GUIDE.

A GUIDE, SENOR? NONE OF MY PEOPLE WILL TAKE YOU TO THOSE HILLS, THEY ARE KNOWN AS 'LOS CAMPOS MUERTE' - THE HILLS OF DEATH!



MY FRIEND
HERE WILL OFFER
MANY PESOS FOR
A GUIDE!

YOU NO UNDERSTAND, SENOR!
HOW COULD WE GUIDE YOU WHEN
WE HAVE NEVER DARED GO THERE
OURSELVES? I TELL YOU, ONLY ONE
MAN KNOWS THOSE HILLS. AN
OLD, OLD MAN. HE LIVES IN A
VILLAGE, MAYBE TWENTY GRINGO
MILES FROM HERE!

AND SO, THE
NEXT DAY...

IF THIS
OLD MAN WE
WERE TOLD ABOUT
WON'T TAKE US,
WE'LL CHANCE IT
AND GO ON
OUR OWN!

I'LL SAY
THIS FOR YOU,
HUNTER. WHEN YOU
ACCEPT A JOB YOU
SURE BELIEVE IN
CARRYING IT THROUGH.
FINDING HEINRICH
STEKEL SEEMS TO
MEAN ALMOST AS MUCH
TO YOU AS IT
DOES TO ME!

HUNTER'S EXPRESSIONLESS
FACE MASKED HIS
REAL FEELINGS...

IT DOES, WHITMORE! BUT
NOT FOR THE SAME REASON.
YOU WANT THAT NAZI ALIVE!
I WANT HIM - DEAD!

THE VILLAGE CHIEFTAIN TOOK THEM TO A NEARBY CAVE...



CHIANU LIVES
HERE! HE IS
VERY STRANGE -
AS WELL AS
VERY OLD!

EVERYONE
KEEPS SAYING
HOW OLD HE IS!
MAYBE HE'S
TOO OLD TO
TAKE US!

BUT WHEN CHIANU APPEARED...



I LEAVE
THESE TWO MEN
WITH YOU, OLD
ONE! THEY WANT
TO GO TO THE
HILLS OF
DEATH!

BUT -
BUT HE'S
NOT OLD
AT ALL!

THE TALL INDIO NEEDED
NO PERSUADING...



IT WAS FATE
THAT LED YOU TO ME,
SENORS. FOR, BEFORE YOU
CAME, I HAD DECIDED TO
RETURN TO LOS CAMPOS!
NOW I SHALL HAVE
COMPANY!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND THIS
'OLD' STUFF, WHITMORE.
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE
LUCK IS ON
OUR SIDE!

THREE DAYS LATER THEY WERE STILL MARVELLING
AT THE STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF THEIR GUIDE.



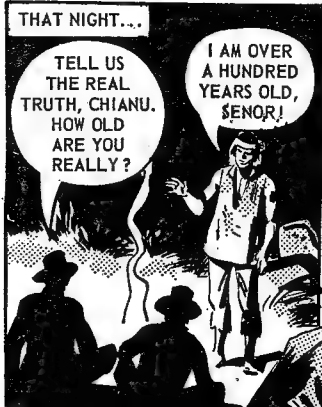
THE WAY THEY
SPOKE I'D EXPECTED A
DODDERING, WHITE-HAIRED
OLD MAN WITH A LONG
BEARD! CHIANU OLD!
IT'S RIDICULOUS!



THAT NIGHT...

TELL US
THE REAL
TRUTH, CHIANU.
HOW OLD
ARE YOU
REALLY?

I AM OVER
A HUNDRED
YEARS OLD,
SENOR!



A HUNDRED?
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
CHIANU, WHY DO YOU
LIE TO ME?

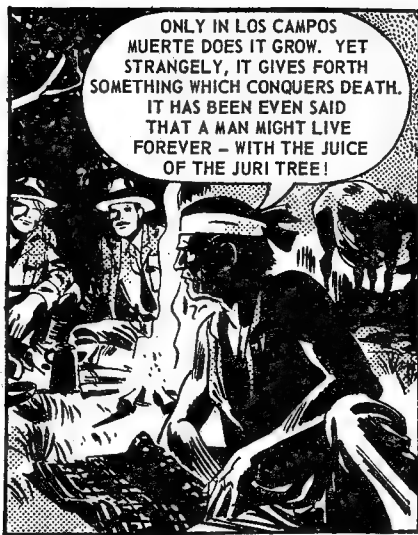


THE TWO AMERICANS LOOKED - AND
THEIR BLOOD RAN COLD...

I DO NOT
LIE, SENOR
WHITMORE.
COME CLOSER!
LOOK CLOSELY
AT MY FACE
AS I BEND
NEARER TO
THE FIRE.

SEE,
SENORS? SEE
HOW THE FIRE
SHADOWS THE LINES
OF AGE! NOW YOU
BELIEVE, EH,
SENORS!





BEFORE THE OTHERS REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, RICHARD WHITMORE WAS SPURRING HIS HORSE INTO THE YELLOW WATERS....

NO,
SENOR! COME
BACK...!

YOU FOOL!
STOP!

HUNTER'S ARM
HOOKED AROUND
WHITMORE'S SHOULDERS...

WHAT
THE -
UUUUHHH!

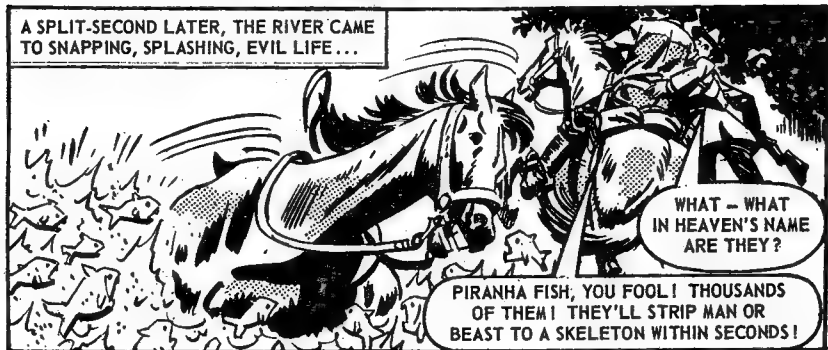
QUICKLY,
SENOR HUNTER!
GET HIM CLEAR
OF THE WATER -
QUICKLY!



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, THE RIVER CAME TO SNAPPING, SPLASHING, EVIL LIFE...

WHAT - WHAT
IN HEAVEN'S NAME
ARE THEY?

PIRANHA FISH, YOU FOOL! THOUSANDS
OF THEM! THEY'LL STRIP MAN OR
BEAST TO A SKELETON WITHIN SECONDS!



MERCIFULLY, HUNTER SHOT WHITMORE'S HORSE WHICH HAD BEEN ATTACKED BY THE PIRANHAS.

I - I'M SORRY! I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A RAFT AND - HUNTER, WHAT IS IT? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

I DON'T KNOW YET! BUT LISTEN TO THE ECHOES FROM THAT RIFLE SHOT, THEY'RE STILL GOING ON!

THAT RIFLE SHOT COULD BE LIKE A CALLING CARD. WHOEVER IS IN THOSE HILLS NOW KNOWS FOR SURE THAT WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

HUNTER AND CHIANU CUT TREES TO BUILD A RAFT, AND THEY POLED ACROSS THE RIVER...

BUT I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE SO CONCERNED, HUNTER. SURELY WE'RE HOPING THAT HEINRICH STEKEL LIVES IN THOSE HILLS.

STEKEL AND WHO ELSE, WHITMORE? THAT'S WHAT BOTHERS ME!



LATER, THEY WERE CROSSING A JUNGLE
CLEARING, WHEN SUDDENLY ...

AIRCRAFT!
GET TO COVER!

BUT - BUT
WHY? IT COULD
BE ANYBODY -
HEINRICH STEKEL
EVEN! WHY
RUN?

THE PLANE SWOOPED LOW AND ABOVE THE ROAR OF ITS
ENGINE CAME THE VICIOUS CHATTER OF A MACHINE GUN...

I KNEW IT!
I KNEW THERE
WAS TROUBLE
HERE!

SENOR
WHITMORE IS
CAUGHT OUT IN
THE OPEN!



HEFTING HIS LONG, THROWING SPEAR, THE
OLD MAN LOPED ACROSS THE CLEARING...



HORRIFIED, WHITMORE SAW
CHIANU STAGGER AS THE
SPEEDING LINE OF
BULLETS MET HIM.

NOW --
RUN! RUN
FOR -- AAGH!

THEY'VE
HIT HIM!

THEN, EVEN AS CHIANU FELL, HIS THROWING ARM SENT
THE SPEAR STRAIGHT AT THE PLANE'S COCKPIT.

ITS DEAD PILOT
IMPALED OVER THE
CONTROLS, THE AIR-
CRAFT RUSHED TO ITS
FIERY DOOM.

CHIANU!

HE
SACRIFICED
HIMSELF...
TO SAVE
WHITMORE!

THE MAN WHO HAD LIVE ONE HUNDRED YEARS HAD JUST STRENGTH ENOUGH FOR A FEW WHISPERED WORDS...

DO NOT LOOK -
DISTRESSED, SENOR WHITMORE!
BECAUSE OF - JURI TREE I
HAVE LIVED - TOO LONG. YOU
ARE YOUNG. IT WAS - RIGHT
THAT I SHOULD - DIE -
INSTEAD OF YOU ...



THEN THE FADING EYES TURNED TO
HUNTER...

OVER THIS
HILL - THERE IS
CITY. NO-ONE
LIVE THERE - FOR
LONG, LONG TIME!
PERHAPS MAN - YOU
SEEK - IS
THERE!



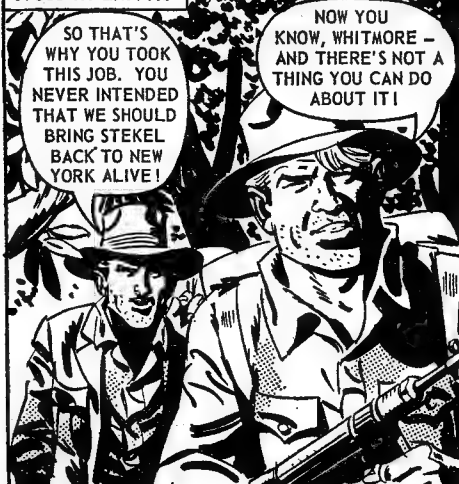
WHEN CHIANU HAD TAKEN
HIS LAST BREATH...

HUNTER, PERHAPS
WE SHOULD TURN BACK.
AFTER ALL, WHAT IS
A BOOK - EVEN ONE
BY A GENIUS SUCH AS
STEKEL - COMPARED TO
MEN'S LIVES...!

STEKEL
WAS A NAZI!!
WHITMORE, I
CAME ALL THIS
WAY TO GET
THAT RAT -
AND GET HIM
I SHALL!



RICHARD WHITMORE'S EYES WIDENED AS HE UNDERSTOOD AT LAST...



NEXT MOMENT...

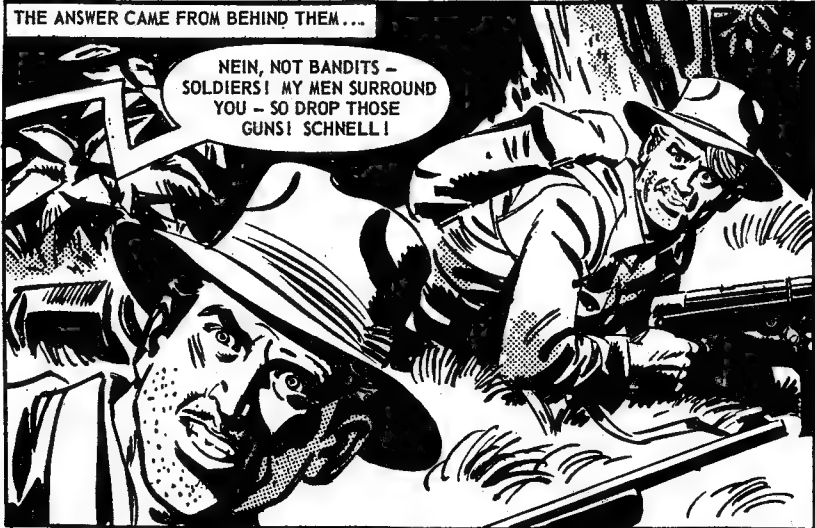


TWO FIGURES FELL OUT FROM THE GREEN CURTAIN OF THE JUNGLE...



THE ANSWER CAME FROM BEHIND THEM...

NEIN, NOT BANDITS -
SOLDIERS! MY MEN SURROUND
YOU - SO DROP THOSE
GUNS! SCHNELL!



ALL AROUND THEM, THE GREEN
FOLIAGE PARTED - AND, TO THE
MAN CALLED HUNTER, IT WAS AS
IF TIME HAD TURNED BACK!

NAZI!
WARTIME
STORMTROOPERS!

TURN
ABOUT! UP
THAT HILL -
MARCH!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL THEY SAW WHAT
CHIANU HAD DESCRIBED - AN AZTEC TEMPLE
CITY, BUT INCREDIBLY, UNBELIEVINGLY TRANSFORMED.



MORE
NAZIS!
HUNDREDS OF
THEM! IT -
IT'S A NAZI
CITY...!

MARCH ON,
AMERIKANERS!
S.S. MAJOR BRANDT
WILL HAVE
MUCH TO ASK
YOU!

TEN MINUTES LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF
S.S. MAJOR BRANDT...



BUT BRANDT HAD JUDGED WHITMORE TO
BE THE WEAKER OF THE TWO...



THE SIGHT OF THE WHITE-HOT BAYONET
WAS TOO MUCH FOR A MAN OF RICHARD
WHITMORE'S SENSITIVITY TO BEAR.



FOR JUST A SECOND, ALL ATTENTION WAS ON WHITMORE - AND IN THAT SECOND, THE MAN CALLED HUNTER ACTED...

SO IT WAS STEKEL! HIMMEL, BUT THAT TRAITOR WILL - UUUUHHHHH!

MAJOR! ACHTUNG!



LIKE A FENCER, HUNTER AIMED THE GLOWING STEEL AT THE BOWL OF AN OIL LAMP ON BRANDT'S DESK...

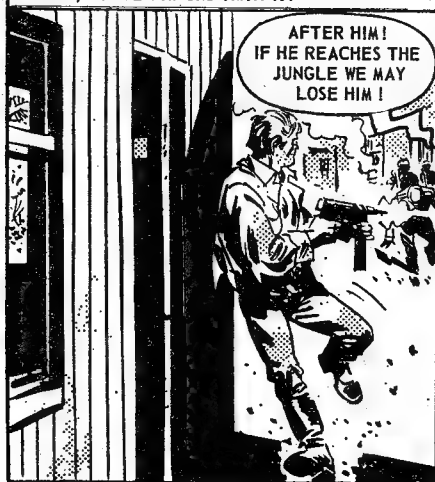
FOOLS!
SHOOT HIM!



BUT BEFORE A SHOT COULD BE FIRED, THE OIL WAS INSTANTLY IGNITED BY THE WHITE-HOT BAYONET ...



WITH HIS CAPTURED SCHMEISSER SCREECHING DEATH, HUNTER RACED AWAY ...



THE STORMTROOPERS STUMBLED FROM MAJOR BRANDT'S WRECKED OFFICE ...



RICHARD WHITMORE GASPED WITH HORROR AS THE BUILDING INTO WHICH HUNTER HAD RUN BECAME A BOILING BALL OF FLAME.

Y-YOU'VE
BURNED HIM
ALIVE.

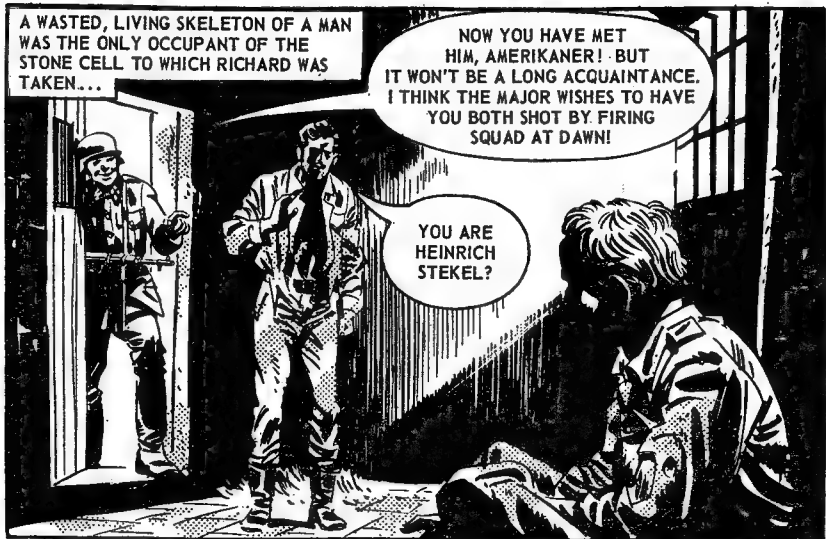
SO MUCH FOR
YOUR BRAVE BUT
STUPID FRIEND!
NOW - YOU CAME ALL
THIS WAY TO SEE
HEINRICH STEKEL -
SO SEE HIM
YOU SHALL!



A WASTED, LIVING SKELETON OF A MAN WAS THE ONLY OCCUPANT OF THE STONE CELL TO WHICH RICHARD WAS TAKEN...

NOW YOU HAVE MET
HIM, AMERIKANER! BUT
IT WON'T BE A LONG ACQUAINTANCE.
I THINK THE MAJOR WISHES TO HAVE
YOU BOTH SHOT BY FIRING
SQUAD AT DAWN!

YOU ARE
HEINRICH
STEKEL?



DESPITE THE FEARFUL FATE THAT HUNG OVER HIM, RICHARD WAS FULL OF QUESTIONS...

WHAT YOU SAY IS INCREDIBLE! A NEW NAZI REGIME - HERE IN THE JUNGLE?

INCREDIBLE, YES! BUT TRUE! I, HEINRICH STEKEL, WHO WAS ONCE A NAZI - KNOW NOW THAT IT IS EVIL!

FROM HERE THEY WILL GROW AND SPREAD AGAIN. THEY CAN DO IT, TOO! LOOK AT THAT QUARRY. THEY USE INDIANS AS SLAVE LABOUR - TO MINE FOR GOLD... TONS AND TONS OF GOLD!

BUT WHO IS BEHIND ALL THIS...?



YOU MEAN YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO IS... HUUHHHHH?

HUNTER! BUT - BUT I SAW YOU BURNED...!

YOU DIDN'T, WHITMORE - YOU JUST THOUGHT YOU DID!

AN OLD TRICK! I WASN'T IN THAT HUT.
I WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF IT -
SHOOTING THROUGH BOTH THE REAR
AND FRONT WINDOWS AT 'EM! BUT
ENOUGH OF THAT...

... IT'LL
BE DUSK IN
A MATTER
OF MINUTES!
SO GET
READY!
WE'RE GOING
TO MAKE
A RUN
FOR IT!

AS SOON AS THE LIGHT BEGAN TO FAIL...

SPEED IT
UP! AND FOR
PETE'S SAKE - NOT
A SOUND!

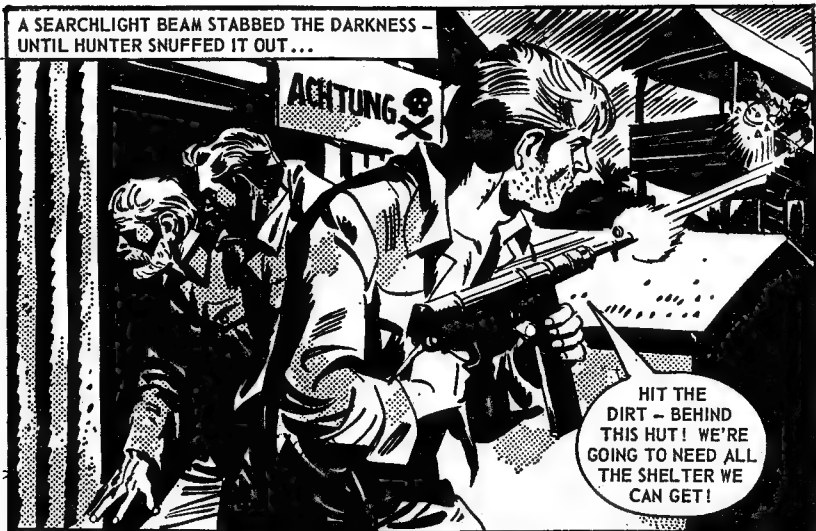
BUT WEAKENED BY LONG CAPTIVITY,
HEINRICH STEKEL STUMBLED AND FELL...

AAAAH!

HALT!
WHO IS
THAT DOWN
THERE?

HADES!

A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM STABBED THE DARKNESS -
UNTIL HUNTER SNUFFED IT OUT ...



WITH HIS HEEL, HUNTER HAMMERED
AT A ROTTED PLANK ...





A DYNAMITE SACHEL!
COULDN'T BE BETTER. RIGHT -
I'LL GIVE SOME COVER
FIRE, WHILE YOU TWO TAKE OFF
INTO THE JUNGLE!

YOU
MEAN -
LEAVE YOU
BEHIND? I
WON'T DO
IT!

DYNAMITE



BUT BEFORE HUNTER COULD ARGUE...

NO! IF ANYONE
STAYS IT SHOULD BE
ME! IF ANY-
ONE IS TO DIE - IT
MUST BE ME!

STEKEL!
COME BACK!

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BUT A BURST OF GUNFIRE BROUGHT
THE EX-NAZI CRASHING TO THE GROUND ...

THEY'VE
GOT HIM!

I HELPED
BUILD THIS EVIL!
IT IS I WHO
SHOULD DESTROY -
AAARR!



WHAT
MADE HIM
TURN BACK?
WHY DID
HE...?

SHUT UP!
LISTEN!



THIS TIME HUNTER HEARD A VOICE
SPEAKING IN GERMAN - A VOICE THAT
MADE HIS BLOOD RUN COLD.

LET ME
SEE! I ORDER
YOU - TAKE ME
OUT THERE!

IT CAN'T
BE - BUT IT
IS! IT'D
EXPLAIN EVERY-
THING!

HUNTER,
WHAT IS IT?

HUNTER'S ANSWER WAS A
HARD, POWER-PACKED BLOW
TO RICHARD WHITMORE'S
JAW.

IF I TELL
YOU TO TAKE OFF
AND LEAVE ME, I
KNOW YOU WON'T!
YOU'RE TOO DECENT
A GUY, WHITMORE!
SO - THIS'LL
MAKE SURE YOU
STAY HERE!

UUURGH!

THE MAN CALLED HUNTER DASHED OUT INTO THAT BULLET-LASHED OPEN GROUND. HE HEARD THE VOICE AGAIN...

HURRY, YOU IMBECILES! I WANT TO SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING...!



IT IS THE SAME VOICE! IT IS HIM!

STOOPING TO SCOOP UP THE FALLEN SATCHEL, HUNTER HEARD STEKEL'S PAIN-FILLED, CROAKING CRY...

NOW YOU KNOW, DON'T YOU? NOW YOU KNOW WHY I COULD NOT LEAVE HERE! THE TEMPLE DOOR - EXPLOSIVES - USED FOR MINING THE QUARRY...



EXPLOSIVES? OKAY, STEKEL - I'VE GOT IT! WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO - I'LL SEE IT THROUGH!

HUNTER HARDLY FELT THE BULLETS
STABBING INTO HIS BODY. HIS EYES
WERE FIXED UPON THE SILHOUETTE OF
A MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR...

I MISJUDGED
YOU, STEKEL!
A MAN - CAN
CHANGE! BUT
NOT THAT ONE -
NOT HIM!

IS IT
JUST ONE MAN?
JUST ONE
MAN?

THEN HUNTER SAW CLEARLY, AS IF IN
SOME TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE, THE FACE
OF THE MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR.

KILL HIM!
KILL HIM!
KILL! KILL!

WITH ALL DYING STRENGTH, HUNTER HURLED THE EXPLOSIVES SATCHEL TOWARDS THE DARK ENTRANCE OF THE TEMPLE...

THIS IS
FOR - JERRY
BLAKE! FOR ALL
THE GOOD GUYS!
YOU WON'T TAKE
ANY MORE OF
THEM...!

AS HEINRICH STEKEL HAD SAID, THAT ANCIENT TEMPLE
WAS FILLED WITH MINING EXPLOSIVES...



FOR MINUTES, WHILST THE ECHOES OF THE BLAST BOUNDED AND REBOUNDED FROM THE HILLS OF DEATH, RICHARD WHITMORE LAY STUNNED BY THE HORROR OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN.



CHIANU TOLD US! ONLY HERE COULD IT BE FOUND - THE ENEMY OF DEATH - THE JUICE OF THE JURI TREE!



AS WHITMORE STUMBLED AWAY FROM THE SMOKING RUINS, THE SLAVE WORKERS FROM THE QUARRY MET HIM...



AND SO, ONE MONTH LATER, IN NEW YORK CITY ...

RICHARD, I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU! FIRST, YOU WON'T TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE IN MEXICO. NOW YOU SAY YOU DON'T WANT TO PUBLISH HEINRICH STEKEL'S MANUSCRIPT.

FORGIVE ME, DAD, BUT I DON'T WANT TO EXPLAIN! I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW SOMETHING WHICH I KNOW I SHALL SPEND MY LIFE TRYING TO FORGET!

THERE ARE SOME THINGS WHICH SHOULD BE FORGOTTEN, DAD. THINGS WHICH SHOULD REMAIN BURIED BY TIME. OH, I CAN'T EXPLAIN DAD - I CAN'T HOPE TO ...!

BUT I WILL SAY THIS. IF THE TRUTH WERE TO BE TOLD, THE FREE WORLD SHOULD GIVE THANKS FROM THE BOTTOM OF ITS HEART - TO A MAN CALLED HUNTER!

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